

## NEWS OF ALL BRANCHES OF SPORT

Mrs. Quentin Feitner  
In Class by Herself  
In Local Golf CirclesSouth Shore Star Again Captures "Met" Title, Defeating  
Georgianna Bishop in Finals of Tourney at Greenwich.

By William Abbott.

THESE are just two classes of lady golfers in the New York district. Mrs. Quentin Feitner is in one class; about two hundred tournament players are in the other. If this ranking doesn't satisfy you, we have only to point to the finals of the Metropolitan championship yesterday at Greenwich, which Mrs. Feitner won for the sixth time. The tall Long Island girl defeated Miss Georgianna Bishop 2 up and 1 to go and the result hardly measures the difference in ability of the two stars. Mrs. Feitner outdrew her opponent sometimes fifty yards. Her second shots were also better when distance had to be made, but close to the green Miss Bishop won her short, straight game held the advantage. Frequently the 1920 champion would come to the green leading by a stroke, but this advantage was usually nullified by poor putting. It is a way it is rather fortunate for some aspiring opponents that Mrs. Feitner isn't very deadly on the greens. She would simply be invincible if her putts were played with the same skill as her tee shots that go whizzing far down the fairway.

The outcome of yesterday's match was history repeating itself. On two prior occasions Mrs. Feitner defeated Miss Bishop for metropolitan honors. In 1914 as Miss Lillian Hyde and in 1916 as Mrs. Feitner. Mrs. Feitner did not compete last year and the title went to Miss Marion Hollins, who, absent in England, let her crown go by default.

The start of the match at Greenwich was not indicative of the ultimate result.

Mrs. Feitner, leading to the green, lost the first hole when her putter misbehaved. Something happened at the third, Miss Bishop being satisfied to trail her hard-hitting opponent to the green and then reverse affairs by superior putting.

Mrs. Feitner won her first victory at the 415-yard fifth hole, where Miss Bishop played into trouble. Miss Bishop was very short on the seventh and needed 6 strokes to 5 for Mrs. Feitner. The lead passed to Mrs. Feitner on the eighth when Miss Bishop, after a short drive, topped two iron shots. On the ninth it was Mrs. Feitner's turn to hit into trouble and the count was all even with half the round covered.

Mrs. Feitner missed the green on the downhill tenth, Miss Bishop getting nicely on and winning 3 to 5. A wee little putt cost Mrs. Feitner the twelfth, and the accompanying gallery began to scent an upset. A monster drive, a flubbed second followed by a tremendous recover from the rough clear to the green, won the thirteenth for Mrs. Feitner.

The Long Island girl is practically unbeatable on long holes and the 586-yard fourteenth went to her, Miss Bishop requiring five strokes to reach the green.

Mrs. Feitner managed to run down a fair-sized putt and captured the fifteenth, a short uphill hole. By this time Miss Bishop was rapidly losing control of her clubs. While Mrs. Feitner after a beautiful drive took a long chance and played boldly for a stiffly-guarded green, on her second shot, Miss Bishop went poking along the fairway, going hardly 100 yards in three shots, and then finishing by tumbling into a sand trap in front of the green. The seventhteenth was halved in five, which again placed Mrs. Feitner on the pinnacle of metropolitan golf for another season.

MRS. QUENTIN FEITNER  
WHO AGAIN CAPTURES  
"MET" GOLF HONORS.Senior Track Titles Hang in  
Balance.

The senior metropolitan outdoor track and field championships will be decided this afternoon at Pershing Field, Jersey City. The results will have a strong bearing as to the athletes who will be selected to represent this city in the Eastern Olympic tryouts at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, a week hence.

Pirates Looked Like  
Sure Winners, and Then  
Came Giants' Big RallyMcGrawites Show Their  
Gameness by Putting Over  
a Last Minute Punch.

By Charles Somerville.

THE Little Announcer Peewee, the mascot, Harry Stevens the caterer and his staff of servants, 1,000 ice cream cones, as many more cheese sandwiches as well as ham and an army of pop and mineral water bottles, a squad of baseball writers, including *Self*, and some 1,500 of those deep-dyed fans who would defy a blizzard, to say nothing of gloomy, lowering skies, assembled yesterday to witness the opening of the series between the Giants and the Pirates.

Those Pirates swooped into Coogan Harbor, and immediately swarmed aboard the good lugger, McGraw. They fell with a shower of blows upon Gunner Jesse Barnes. Higbee stunned him with a three-bagger to deep right. Carey scored Big with a walling single to right. Southworth snapped it forth for a Texas Leaguer to left, sending Carey to second. Whitteled Snyder to Kelly. Valiant Beauty Bancroft tossed out Cutshaw but Carey gained the poop deck with a second tally. Grimm dodged four of the Gunner's efforts and went to first. But Barbara died to George Burns.

Gosh! Looked as if we'd have to strike the colors right then and there and let the Skull and Crossbones wave. A pitiful counter attack—Burns flying to Carey, Bancroft the same, Young striking out!

But the Pirates were upon us again! Southworth beat out a grounder to Bancroft. Whitteled's sacrifice sent him to second. A passed ball sent him to third. Cutshaw singled him home. (Heaven! the dock was running korel!) But Cutshaw was cut down manœuvring to second and

Grimm's pop was gobbled by Snyder.

Three to Nix!

At the Pirates' mercy!

But—no!

Not so!

Yo ho, ho, ho!

And a double by Barnes!

That began our half of the third. Pirate Cooper, the hand grenader, wobbled at his deadly work. George Burns responded to first of four of Cooper's war ones. Beauty gave the bulb a hearty punch. Barbara at short dropped it out of stung fingers. Beauty had made a hit. Pop Young swarmed to the attack. Run! A single over second. Barnes—yo ho, ho, ho! Doyle lifted a fly to Carey—too short for George to attempt a score after the catch.

But—

Yo ho, ho, ho!

And a single by King.

Barnes and Bancroft home. Young on third. Eddie Sticking's crack to Cooper forced King but next Eddie started toward the good lugger, McGraw. They fell with a shower of blows upon Gunner Jesse Barnes. Higbee stunned him with a three-bagger to deep right. Carey scored Big with a walling single to right. Southworth snapped it forth for a Texas Leaguer to left, sending Carey to second. Whitteled Snyder to Kelly. Valiant Beauty Bancroft tossed out Cutshaw but Carey gained the poop deck with a second tally. Grimm dodged four of the Gunner's efforts and went to first. But Barbara died to George Burns.

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## Tarzan the Untamed

—By—

Edgar Rice Burroughs

A New, Thrilling and Sensational Story  
of the Ape Man.

King of the Great Apes of the Jungle, a superman in strength and power, Tarzan has fascinated millions. The thrill of battle, the lure of the desert, jungle and mountains, all blend in this vivid story of uncanny mystery.

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What the fuse was about; but they seemed to be having a devil of a time in a section trench on their left. At one time they could have sworn they were attacked in the rear—I reported it to you at the time, sir, you'll recall—for the blighters were peppering away at the side of that bluff behind them. I could see the dust fly. I don't know what it could have been.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

TARZAN watched, toying idly with the rifle of the dead German. Presently he fell to examining the mechanism of the piece. He glanced down at the German's hand, which he had changed the adjustment of the sights, then he placed the rifle to his shoulder and took aim. Tarzan was an excellent shot. With his civilized friends he had hunted big game with the weapons of civilization and though he never had killed except for food or in self-defense he had amused himself in hunting at inanimate targets thrown into the air and perfected himself in the use of firearms without realizing that he had done so. Now indeed would he hunt big game. A slow smile touched his lips as his finger closed gradually upon the trigger.

The rifle spoke and a German machine gunner collapsed behind his weapon. In three minutes Tarzan picked off the crew of that gun. Then he potted a German officer emerging from a dugout and the three men in the bay with him. Tarzan was careful to leave no one in the immediate vicinity to question how Germans could be shot in German trenches when they were entirely concealed from enemy view.

One of the soldiers picked up the bullet that had killed his officer and then it was that real excitement preceded in that particular bay, for the bay was obviously of German make. Hugging the ground, messengers carried the word in both directions and presently periscopes were leveled above the parapets and keen eyes were searching out the traitor. It did not take long to locate the position of the hidden sniper and then Tarzan saw a machine gun being trained upon him. Before it had gotten into action his crew lay dead about it, but there were other men to take their places, reluctantly perhaps; but driven on by their officer, they were forced to it and at the same time two other machine guns were swung around toward the ape-man and put into operation.

Realizing that the game was about up, Tarzan with a farewell shot laid aside the rifle and melted into the hills behind him. For many minutes he could hear the spitter of machine gun fire concentrated upon the spot he had just quit and smiled as he contemplated the waste of German ammunition.

Those who prefer steep-climbing to that long journey to the picturesque coast at Belmont Park Terminal this afternoon for the second day of the United Hunt meet.

Some of the best jumpers in training are entered for the Great United Hunt meet, while the card is interesting from end to end. The entries follow:

MAJOR RACE—Two and three years for three-year-olds and under, about 2 1/2 miles on the flat.

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There was a slight rustling among the branches of the tree above him; but otherwise there was no movement. He looked down at the almost naked white man standing there with the flashlight playing upon rounded buttocks and legs, and he saw the gleam of the equally primitive armament and then all eyes turned toward the colonel.

"Who the devil are you, sir?" snapped that officer.

"Tarzan of the Apes," replied the newcomer.

"Oh, Greystoke!" cried a major, and stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Prewick," acknowledged Tarzan as he took the proffered hand.

"I am Major Prewick," he said, "and I am in command of the German lines. Possibly I can help you."

Tarzan smiled and turned toward the colonel. "I overheard your conversation," he said, "and I have just come to the conclusion that you are the ape-man to whom I am indebted for my life."

The colonel looked questioningly toward Major Prewick who quickly rose to his feet and bowed to the ape-man and his commanding officer and others. Briefly Tarzan told them what it was that brought him alone in pursuit of the Germans.

"And now you have come to join us," asked the colonel.

"Tarzan," he replied, "must fight my own way; but I can help you. Whenever I wish I can enter the German lines."

Capell smiled and shook his head. "It is not so easy as you think," he said; "I've lost two good officers in the last week, trying it and they were experienced men; gone over in the Intelligence Department."

"Is it more difficult than entering the British lines?" asked Tarzan.

"It is more difficult than entering the British lines," replied Tarzan.

"I have just come through the German lines and yours and passed through your camp," he said, "and I would word to ascertain if anyone saw me."

"But who accompanied you?" insisted Capell.

"I came alone," replied Tarzan, and then drawing himself to his full height, "You men of civilization, when you come into the jungle, are as dead as men. You are not the monkey, as a sage by comparison. I marvel that you exist at all—only your numbers, your weapons, and your power of reasoning save you. Had I a few hundred great apes with your reasoning power I could drive the Germans into the ocean as quickly as the remnants of them could reach the coast. Fortunately it is for you that the dumb brutes cannot combine. Could they, Africa would remain forever free of men. But come, can I help you? Would you like to know where several machine gun emplacements are hidden?"

The colonel assured him that they would, and a moment later Tarzan had traced upon the map the location of three that had been bothering the English. "There is a weak spot here," he said, placing a finger upon the map. "It is held by blacks; but the machine guns out in front are manned by whites. If—wait! I have a plan. You can fill that trench with your own men and enfilade the trenches to the right with their own machine guns."

Col. Capell smiled and shook his head. "It sounds very easy," he said, "but it is not so. You must know the jungle. I know the jungle folk—the Gnomes—as well as the others. Look for me again on the second night," he turned to leave.

"Wait," said the colonel. "I will send an officer to pass you through the lines."

Tarzan smiled and moved away. As he was leaving the little group about headquarters he passed a small figure wrapped in an officer's overcoat. The collar was turned up and the visor of the military cap pulled well down over the eyes, but as the ape-man passed the light from the flashlight illuminated the features of the newcomer for an instant, revealing to Tarzan a vaguely familiar face. Some officer he had known in London, doubtless, he surmised, and went his way through the British camp and the British lines all unknown to the watchful sentinels of the out-guard.

Nearly all night he moved across the forest, his lowered himself over the edge of the cliff, and with a noiseless movement descended toward the bottom of the ravine. He stopped often and turned his keen eyes and ears in the direction of the cave's mouth at the far end of the gulch, some hundred feet away. As he neared the foot of the cliff his danger increased greatly. If he could reach the bottom and cover the distance to the tree that stood in the center of the gulch he would feel comparatively safe for that distance he had never before. He had been told that the cliff was not so high as it appeared, and that the tree was not so far from the cliff as it seemed. He had been told that the cliff was not so high as it appeared, and that the tree was not so far from the cliff as it seemed.

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A mellow drama for  
the tired business man

ACT ONE. Our hero.  
WALKS in his sleep.  
AND IDLY strolling.  
PAST THE Mint.  
IN PHILADELPHIA.

IS TOUCHED by a stranger.  
ACT TWO. Our hero.  
LEARNS FROM the stranger,  
A SPLENDID way,  
TO MAKE money.

AND HE makes lots of it.  
BIG SALES of it.  
AND THE curtain falls.  
ON SCENES of luxury.

ACT THREE. Our hero.  
MAKES MORE money.  
AND THE plot thickens.  
AND THE dark.  
MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

GOES OUT of his life.  
FOREVER.  
AND ONE fine day.  
OUR HERO is caught.

PASSING THIS money.  
ACT FOUR. Our hero wakes.  
AND TELLS the story.  
THROUGH THE bars.  
OF HIS Atlanta cell.

THAT UNCLE Sam's money.  
IS LIKE the blond.  
OF THOSE cigarettes.  
THAT "SATISFY."  
IT CAN'T be copied.



THE Turkish tobacco in Chesterfields is real Turkish, not counterfeit. The Domestic is the best leaf money can buy. And the blend is a secret—it can't be copied. Chesterfields are "good" anywhere—and you'll never tire of "Satisfy."

They Satisfy  
**Chesterfield**  
CIGARETTES  
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.